The Wandring Jew;

O R,

The Shoomaker of *Ieruſam*, who lived when our Sauiour Chriſt was crucified, and appoynted by him to live untill his comming againe.

To the tune of, *The Ladies Fall.*

When as in ſaire Jeruſalem
our Sauiour Chriſt did liue,
And for the ſins of all the world,
his owne deare life did giue;
The wicked Jewes with ſcoffs and ſcornes
did daily him moleſt,
That never till he left his life,
our Sauiour could haue reſt.

When they had crown'd his head with thorns,
and ſcourg'd him in diſgrace.
In ſcornfull ſort they led him forth
vnto his dying place,
Where thouſand thouſands in the ſtreet
beheld him paſſe along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there
that pitties thus his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
as in the ſtreets he went,
And nothing ſound but churliſh taunts,
by euery ones conſent:
His owne deare Croſſe he bore himſelfe,
a burthen far to great,
Which made him in the ſtreets to faint,
and blod and water ſweat.

Being weary, thus he ſought to reſt
and eaſe his burthen'd ſoule
Vpon a ſtone, the which a wretch
did churliſhly controule;
And ſaid, away thou King of Jewes,
thou ſhalt not reſt thee here,
Paſſe on, thy execution place
thou ſee'ſt now drawe:h néere.

And hereupon he thruſt him thence;
at which our Sauiour ſaid,
I ſure will reſt, but thou ſhalt walke,
and haue no journey ſaid:
With that this curſed Shoomaker,
for offering Chriſt this wrong,
Left Wife and Children, houſe and all,
and went from thence along.

Where after he had ſeene the blood
of Jeſus Chriſt thus ſhed,
And to the Croſſe his body nayld,
away with ſpéed he fled,
Without returning back againe
vnto his dwelling place,
But wandering vp and downe the world,
a runnagate moſt baſe.

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The Second part; to the ſame tune.

NO reſting could he find at all,
no eaſe of hearts content,
No houſe, no home nor byding place,
but wandring forth he went,
From Town to Town in forraign Lands
with grieved Conſcience ſtill,
Repenting ſore the hainous guilt
of his fore-paſſed ill.

Thus after ſome few Ages paſt,
in wandring up and downe,
He much againe deſir'd to ſée
Jeruſalems renowne:
But finding it all quite deſtroy'd,
he wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours words which he had ſpoke
to verifie and ſhow.

He reſt (ſaith he) but thou ſhalt walke,
ſo doth this wandring Jew
From place to place, but cannot ſtay,
for ſéeking Countries new:
Declaring ſtill the power of him,
whereas he comes and goes,
And of all things done in the Eaſt
ſince Chriſt his death, he ſhowes.

The world he hath halfe compaſt round,
and ſéene thoſe Nations ſtrange,
That hearing of the Name of Chriſt,
their Idoll gods doe change:
To whom he hath told wondrous things,
of times fore-paſt and gone,
And to the Princes of the world
declares his cauſe of mone;

Deſiring ſtill to be diſſolv'd,
and yéeld his mortall breath:
But yet the Lord hath thus decréed,
he ſhall not yet ſée death;
For neither lookes he old or young,
but as he did thoſe times
When Chriſt did ſuffer on the Croſſe
for mortall ſinners Crimes.

He paſſed many a forraigne place,
Arabia, Ægypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
and through all Hungaria:
Where Paul and Peter preached Chriſt,
thoſe bleſt Apoſtles deare;
Where he hath told our Saviours words
in Countries farre and nére.

And lately in Bohemia,
with many a German Towne,
And now in Flanders, as is thought,
he wandreth up and downe:
Where learned men with him confers,
of theſe his lingring dayes,
And wondring much, to heare him tell
his journeys and his wayes.

If people giveth this Jew an Almes,
the moſt that he will take
Is not above a Groat a time,
which he for Jeſus ſake
Will kindly give unto the poore,
and thereof make no ſpare,
Affirming ſtill, that Jeſus Chriſt
of him hath dayly care.

He nere was ſéene to laugh nor ſmile,
but weepe and make great mone,
Lamenting ſtill his miſeries,
and dayes fore-paſt and gone.
If he heard any one blaſpheme,
and take Gods Name in vaine,
He tells them that they crucifie
their Maker Chriſt againe.

If you had ſéene him dye, ſayes he,
as theſe mine eyes have done,
Ten thouſand times a day would ye
his torments thinke upon,
And ſuffer for his ſake all paine,
all torments, and all woes;
Theſe are his words, and this his life,
whereas he comes and goes.

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